

an independant and headcanon heavy portrayal
of **IL CAPITANO** from GENSIN IMPACT
written by *Cain / Ptolemaea* .
admin is 20 years of age , he / it only .

I. BACKSTORY

The Captain is known for his great strength, that of which is able to rival that of the gods — but of course, being **human** is but a foolish lie.

One could easily gaze upon the Captain and take note of his stature, his build. It is clear that no *normal* human would be able to gain such physical attributes.

His origin is that of the cosmos, that of beyond the reaches of the Earth. Something far, far worse than anything the darkness could conjure up against the surface.

A descender upon the world, an entity of bloodthirst and carnage, destined to devour humanity upon their day of reckoning, to bring the next world to light.

He is far older than the Earth, and other worlds combined. For eons, he has been perfectly conscious and aware of everything.

Humanity, at first, feared him. They saw him as a beast, a demon, an omen.

He was all of these, unashamed and indifferent to the foul names that they threw at him, cursing him back to the depths of oblivion from which he came.

When they were still cowering behind their grand castles, towers, and walls, governed by kings and queens, there were some who sought him out for answers, some for protection, or to make deals to gain power.

All he demanded was blood. Whether it be in the shape of human or animal sacrifice, he expected the grounds to be drowning in crimson come each full moon, and in return he would bless crops, provide divine protection, insight, and other advantages to those who showed unwavering loyalty.

Not all of his subjects lived peacefully, though. Serving such an ancient Lord had risks, per usual of serving any sort of deity born of shadow, of pure darkness.

He was not to be looked upon, even when in a more “human” appearance. His gaze alone struck bone-gnawing dread into a man’s heart and soul, some being driven to madness with no return possible. While in his raw, unbridled form, he takes the shape of eyes, tentacles, teeth, and writhing flesh, surrounded by a thick and dark fog that seeps from him endlessly. In any form he takes, his eyes remain the same; a startling, piercing white surrounded by pitch black sclera, his stare heavy with the weight of countless years of being conscious.

In the beginning of his reign, he saw humanity as nothing but cattle. Something to feast upon, to terrorize, to gain control of, to be **worshipped** by until the day came where he would fulfill his birthright. But as time passed, there were a few humans who wriggled into his heart, gained his trust, his **affection**.

He learned the hard way that humans are never meant to last. One by one, past friends and even lovers all eventually succumbed to the flow of time, whether it be by natural causes or by a wild accident that no soul could predict, not even he. He grew to *loathe* man. For their short life, for their fragileness. He hated it, though he adored it all the same.

Due to this newfound grief, there have been many a time where he has been driven into delirium, wishing that he could have died with them, wishing he knew a way to keep them from the clutches of Death. There would be times where he would be silent and still for centuries, nothing but anguish tearing at his insides. There have been many a time where he has attempted to take his own life, to forsake his birthright, to return to the emptiness where he emerged, but he could never find a way to carry out his goal, and it would always end in bitter failure.

Though many years have passed, he still somewhat retains his past arrogance and pride, feeding off of praise and anything similar. And while he may seem “*nigh-invincible*,” even a *God* can bleed. Even a *God* can die. He just does not know *how* he can die. He has cast aside his duty to wipe out mankind, for now, in pursuit of Death, to learn how he can be put to an eternal rest, once and for all.

III. PHISICAL APPEARANCE and OTHER HEADCANONS

Over the course of the eons he’s wandered, his humanoid form has begun to falter, to deteriorate. The flesh upon his spine has withered, leaving the vertebrae from his neck down to his lower back completely exposed, even small portions of his ribs. His skin from the forearms down has turned black, and sharp talons grow in the place of his nails. Other than that, his skin is a shade of gray.

Scars cover most of his body, some mild and some severe. The scars and visible rot that is present on his face causes his features to be slightly disfigured, his lips tattered to the point of revealing the lightly stained fangs beneath. He has a hooked nose, and a sharp jawline, accompanied by profound cheekbones with a slightly gaunt or sunken visage.

He does not, by default, have a face beneath his helmet unless he has a reason to have one. If one were to abruptly remove it from his form, they would be met with what one would see from his true form, except smaller.

As said before, his eyes are solid white, and the sclera surrounding it is pitch black. When in low lighting, his eyes often glow.

The Captain stands at a whopping 8 ‘ 7 “ or 262 cm in height.

He can have as many eyes as he wishes, and they do not have to be confined to his face only. Any size, any shape. This also applies to his tongue, and when he is in his true form. He can also summon tentacles at will.

When emotion takes hold, there are seldom times where he will weep, though his tears are pure blood. His cheeks end up stained for a period of time whenever he does cry.

Usually, instead of feasting upon the living and healthy, the Captain will sate his hunger by devouring those who lie dead, or close to death, on the fields of war.

When in his human form, and when he trusts an individual enough, he may permit them to address him as his chosen “human” alias, **Thrain**.

The Captain is **genderfluid**. He can change his form at any time, or even singular parts of his anatomy at will. His pronouns remain the same. (he / it)